

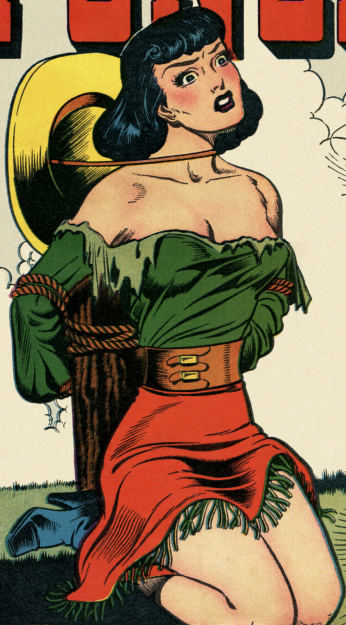


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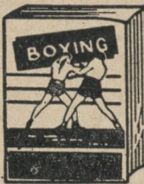
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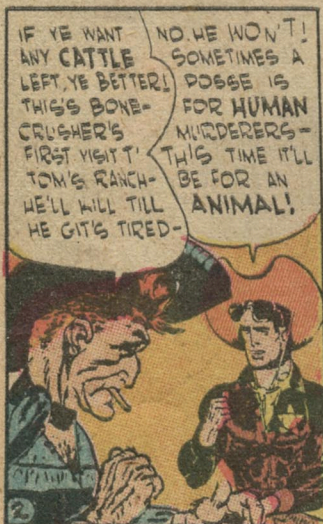
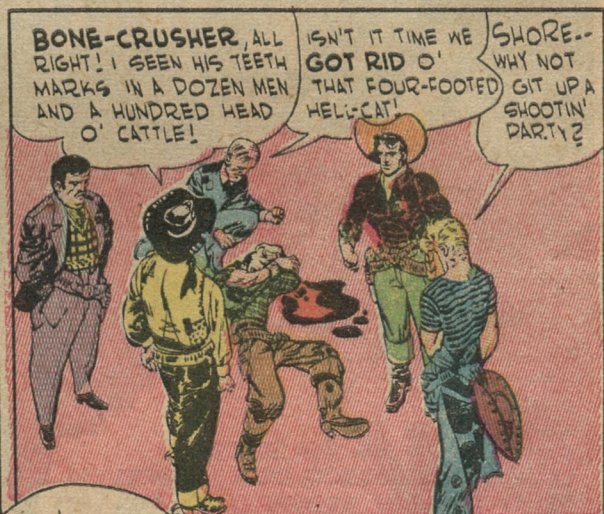
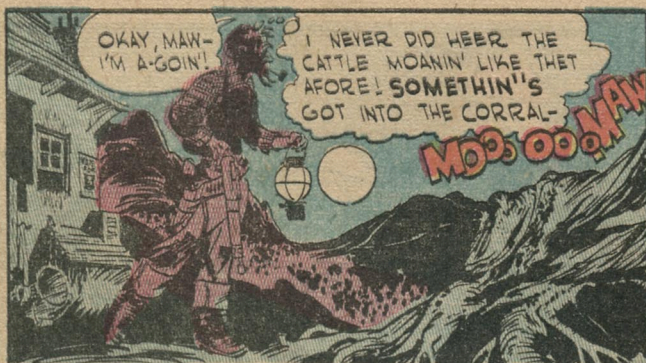
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NOW NO NAME RAN GREATER
TERROR DOWN THE SPINE
OF BROKEN CREEK THAN
**BONE-CRUSHER, MAN-
KILLING MOUNTAIN LION!** MURDERER OF
HUNDREDS OF CATTLE, PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1
OF THE HUMAN COMMUNITY, BONE-CRUSHER
AROUSED THE HATRED OF ALABAMA, SHERIFF
OF BROKEN CREEK... BUT WHEN ALABAMA
LED OUT A SHOOTING PARTY, THE
UNEXPECTED HAPPENED! A NEW KILLER
BURST INTO VIEW...

"THE HOBNAILED LION!"



AN HOUR LATER---TOM FARNUM
PATROLS THE CORRAL

NOTHIN' THIS SIDE O' TH'
CORRAL---BULL WAS RIGHT---
BONE-CRUSHER WON'T KUM OUT
IN THIS WEATHER--HE--
WAIT! TH' CATTLE'S GITTIN'
RESTLESS---

SUDDENLY, A
ROAR OF
THUNDER---A
FLASH OF LIGHTNING!

M-MEBBE BONE-
CRUSHER
HERE--!



EEEEAAAAA!

TOM'S
VOICE,
ALABAM!

I KNOW!
LET'S HOPE
WE'RE NOT
TOO LATE!



IT IS TOO LATE!
BONE-CRUSHER
SURPRISED HIM---
LET'S TAKE HIM
TO TH' HOUSE---

TOM'S SISTER,
FRANCIS'LL
NEAR DIE O'
TH' SHOCK,
ALABAM!



LATER---A HALF HOUR LATER...

THERE, THERE, HONEY---IT
WUZ JUST A TERRIBLE
ACCIDENT!

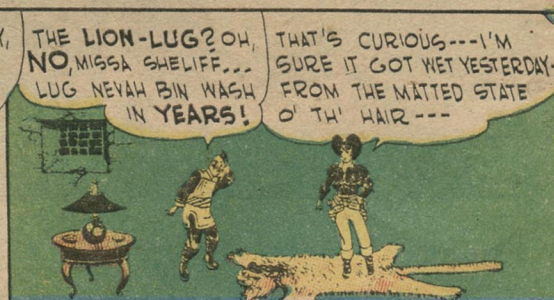
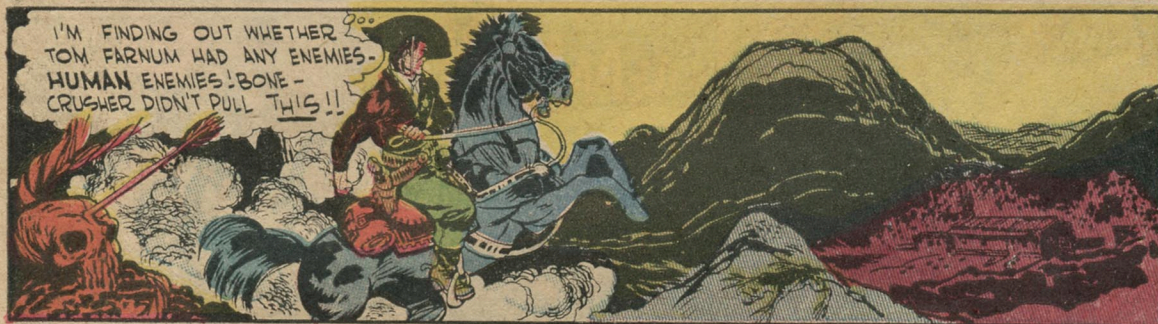
(SOB)-
P-POOR TOM-(SOB)-
MY POOR B-
BROTHER (SOB)-

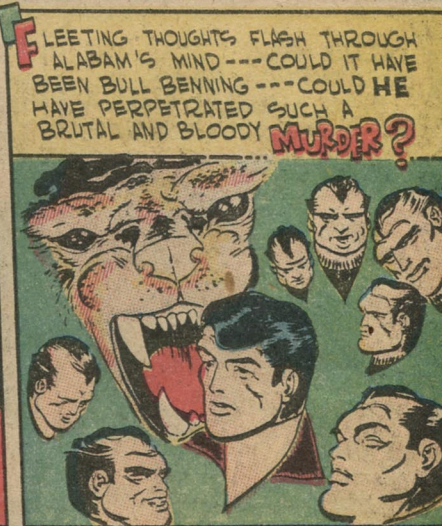
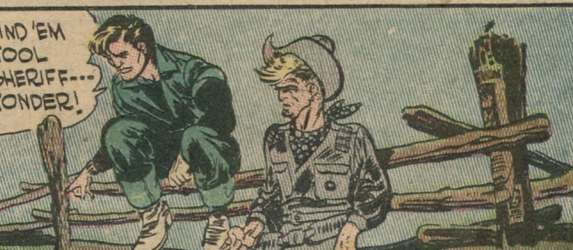
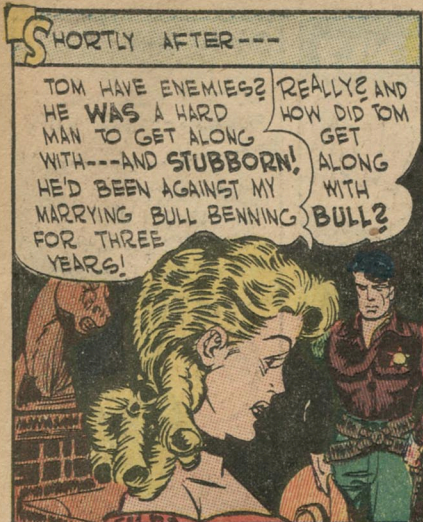
HMMM--



FUNNY... WHAT'S
RUST DOING ON
THOSE TEETH
MARKS?







LATER...THAT NIGHT...BULL BRINGS HIS HORSE TO A HALT BEFORE THE BUNKHOUSE



HE ENTERS AND LIGHTS THE LAMP---



SUDDENLY

GOOD EVENING, BULL!

WHA?



OH-IT'S YOU! THE BOYS TOL' ME YOU WERE LOOKIN' FOR ME, SHERIFF---WHAT'S UP?

JUST WANTED TO SATISFY MY CURIOSITY, BULL--- SUPPOSE--



-YOU SIT YOURSELF DOWN SO'S I KIN TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR BOOT?



THREE HOBNAILS IN YOUR HEEL, BULL! I'VE A RIDDLE FOR YOU- EXACTLY WHEN ARE YOU LION' AND WHEN ARE YOU BULL?

HE'S WISE TO SOMETHING---IF IT'S A BOOT HE WANTS---



-IT'S A BOOT HE'LL GET!

CRACK



FIVE MINUTES LATER---

I CAN'T ELOPE WITH YOU, BULL! TOM'S ONLY DEAD A DAY! I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS RUSH- ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?

MEBBE I AM! BUT I KNOW ONE THING! I AIN'T GITTIN' WITHOUT YOU!



ARE YOU GONNA COME...OR---

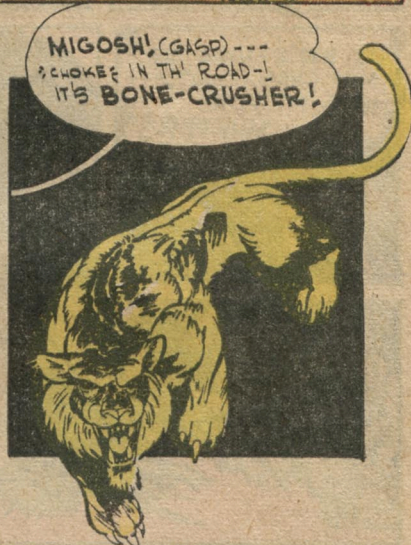


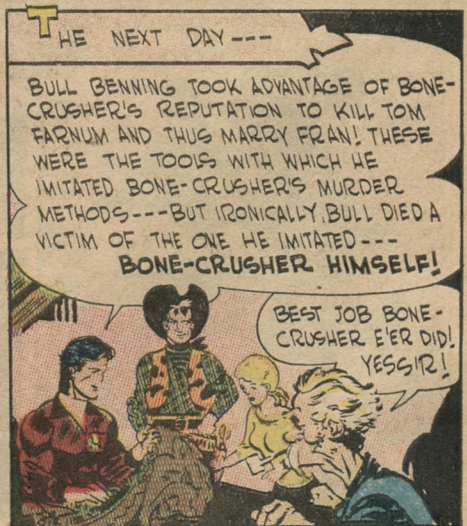
YOU'RE LUCKY I DONT WANT NOBODY HEARIN' SHOTS, ER I'D PUT A BULLET T'YER BRAIN, NOT A GUN BUT!

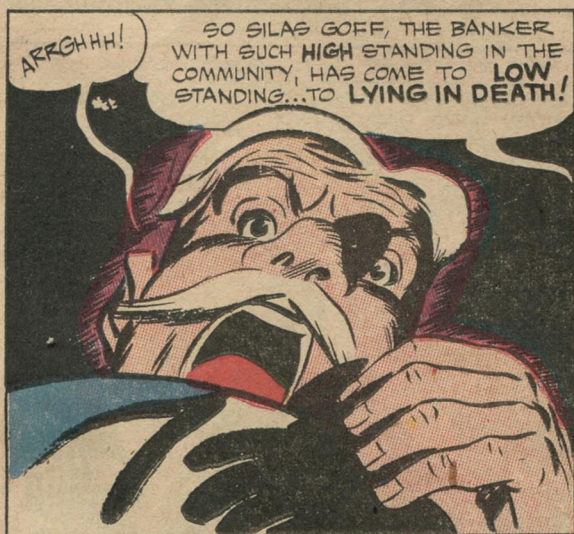


SOMEBODY, I MADE A MISTAKE, BUT I CAN'T STOP T'FIGGER NOT! I'LL JEST PICK UP FRAN AN' RUN FER IT!









IT COULD SURPRISE YOU TO KNOW THAT **ONE** OF YOUR MURDERERS SHOT YOU FOR **MONEY!**



ON THE HILL OVERLOOKING THE MURDER....

MAYBE YOU'LL BE CURED OF DRINK AFTER **THIS**, CHEROKEE CHARLEY! THE GALLOW'S HAS A WAY OF HANDLING VICES **PERMANENTLY!**



SO YOU DID IT FOR **MONEY**, CHARLEY? TSK! TSK! DON'T YOU KNOW **MONEY'S** THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL?....



SO LONG, SUCKERS! I'M ON MY WAY TO FRAME THE **SECOND** MURDERER--ONLY I'VE A HUNCH HE WON'T HANG!--

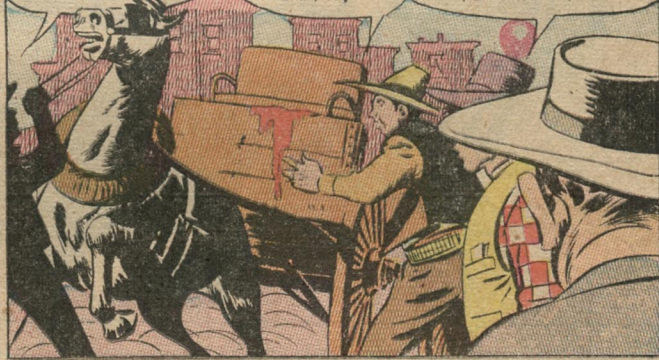


AN HOUR LATER, IN BLANCO'S RUN...

SILAS GOFF'S BUCKBOARD! BUT WHERE'S **SILAS?**

BLOOD! ALL OVER THE BUCKBOARD SEAT!

LET'S GET UP THE ROAD AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SILAS!....

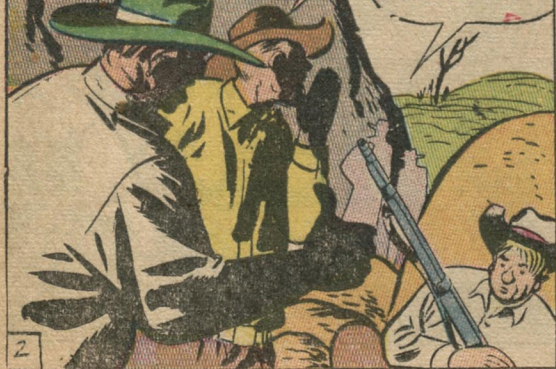


LATER...

GET UP, YOU SMELLY GWINE!--

WE GOT THE KILLER! **CHEROKEE CHARLEY**... DRUNK AS THE DEVIL!

WE OUGHTA STRING HIM UP HERE-- ONLY THE SHERIFF 'LL BE SORE!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE ...

BUT I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, SHERIFF!--HONEST, LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS ME FALLIN' ASLEEP IN BUCK ROPER'S EDEN BAR!

DRUNK OR, SOBER, YOU KILLED SILAS GOFF FOR HIS **MONEY!**... AND WE'RE HANGIN' YOU FOR IT!



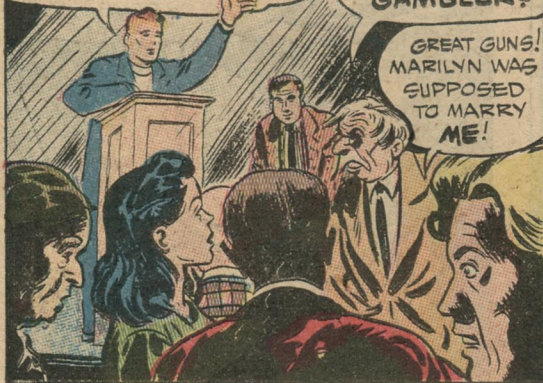


SO NEXT SUNDAY...

AND NOW, I'VE BEEN REQUESTED TO MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT... OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF MARILYN IVES TO BUCK ROPER!

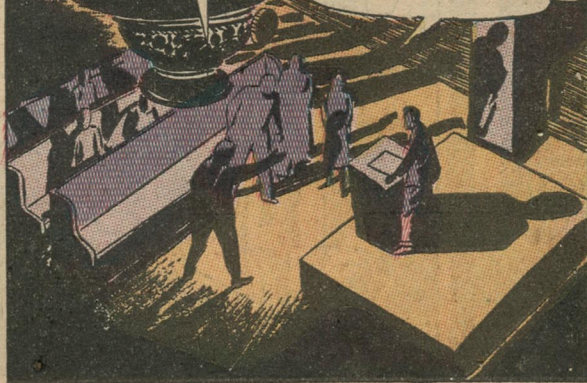
WHAT? MARILYN, ARE YOU MAD? YOU MARRY THAT... T-THAT GAMBLER?

GREAT GUNS! MARILYN WAS SUPPOSED TO MARRY ME!



I WON'T PERMIT YOU TO RUIN YOURSELF! I MUST BRING YOU TO YOUR SENSES!

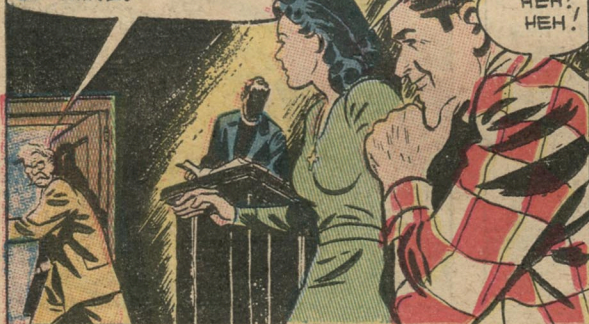
EVERYONE WILL PAY NO ATTENTION TO MY FATHER. I AM OF AGE. I LOVE BUCK ROPER AND WILL MARRY HIM. THAT IS ALL THAT HAS TO BE SAID!



NO! ONE THING MORE MUST BE SAID!... I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE! YOU ARE NO LONGER A DAUGHTER OF MINE!

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, FATHER... THAT'S THE WAY IT WILL BE!

HEH! HEH!



B-BUT, MARILYN... WHAT ABOUT ME?

YOU... GET OUT OF OUR WAY! - SEE?

EVERYTHING'S OVER BETWEEN US, HANK. I'M SORRY.



THERE, THERE, HANK. IT WAS A SHOCK, WASN'T IT?

I DON'T CARE FOR MYSELF, THOUGH I LOVE MARILYN MORE THAN ANY-THING IN THE WORLD!... IT'S MARILYN! SHE USED TO HATE BUCK ROPER!

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! LAST WEEK SHE PROMISED TO MARRY ME... AND NOW... ROPER! REVEREND, PLEASE SEE MARILYN. -SOME-THINGS WRONG!

VERY WELL, HANK. I'LL SPEAK TO HER!



A HALF HOUR LATER.

HELLO, ROPER. I UNDERSTAND YOUR FIANCEE'S TAKEN UP LODGINGS HERE. I'D LIKE A WORD WITH HER

SURE THING, PREACHER. GO ON UP AND SPIEL WITH HER! FIRST DOOR TO RIGHT ON SECOND FLOOR

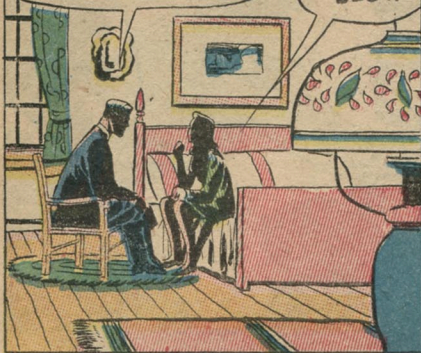


UPSTAIRS...

WHAT'S

BEHIND THIS SUDDEN REVERSAL OF PLANS, MISS IVES? SURELY MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE LIES IN YOUR OVER-NIGHT ENGAGEMENT!

I'VE NOTHING TO SAY, REVEREND! I'M DOING WHAT I THINK BEST!



YOU MUST LIVE YOUR OWN LIFE, MISS IVES. BUT ALWAYS CONSIDER WHETHER YOU'RE HURTING SOMEONE ELSE WHO DOESN'T DESERVE TO BE INJURED! GOOD AFTERNOON!

HURTING SOMEONE ELSE! WHY, I'D CLEAN FOR-GOTTEN!



THEY'RE GOING TO HANG CHEROKEE CHARLEY FOR SOMETHING HE NEVER DID, BECAUSE HE WAS TOO DRUNK AT THE TIME TO EXPLAIN HOW FATHER FRAMED HIM!



NO MATTER HOW MUCH I LOVE DAD, I CANNOT LET ANOTHER MAN DIE FOR HIS CRIME...

WHERE'S MR. ROPER?

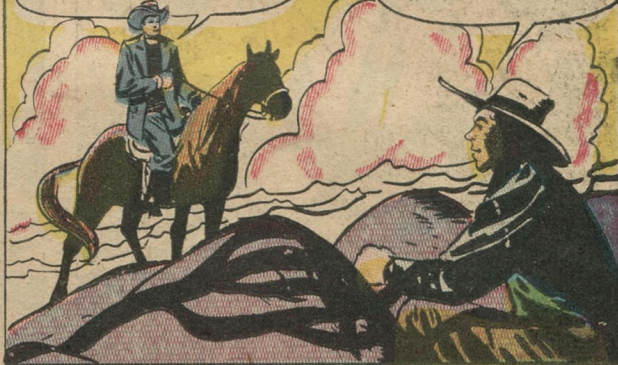
HE'S GONE TO HIS CABIN IN YELLOW RUT CANYON!



LATER... THAT AFTERNOON...

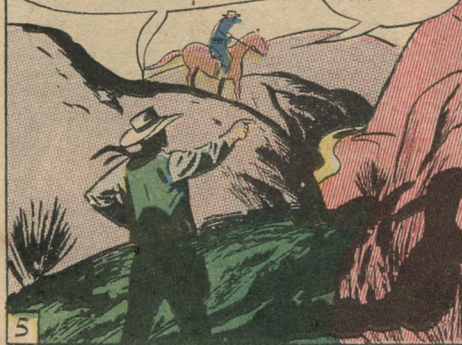
I SAW MARILYN, HANK. I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOTHING TO BE DONE. SHE'S MADE UP HER MIND!

I STILL CAN'T HELP FEELING SOMETHING PECULIAR'S GOIN' ON...



ONE OF MY BOYS TOLD ME HE SAW MARILYN GALLOPING TOWARD YELLOW RUT CANYON AN HOUR AGO. IF YOU RUN IN TO HER, TALK TO HER AGAIN! REVEREND, PLEASE!

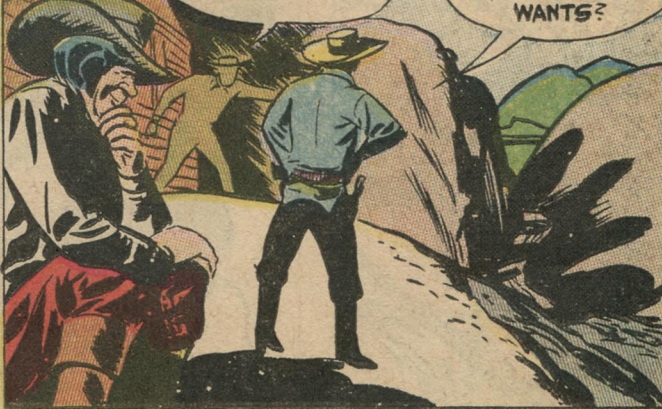
VERY WELL, HANK! IF I MEET UP WITH HER... BYE!



AT YELLOW RUN CANYON...

BOSS, BOSS! THAT DAME YOU'RE MARRYIN'S COMIN' UP THE ROAD! LOOK!

YEAH... SURE ENOUGH, THAT'S HER! WONDER WHAT SHE WANTS?





WHAT'S THE BIG
IDEA COMING HERE?
WE'RE BUSY!

BUSINESS IS WHAT I WANT
TO TALK... I'M **NOT**
MARRYING YOU! BETTER
TAKE THAT LETTER OF YOURS
TO THE SHERIFF AND CLEAR
CHEROKEE CHARLEY!



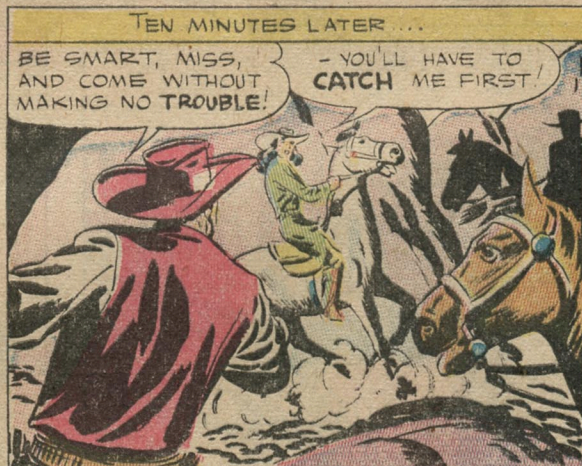
SO YOU'RE BACKING OUT,
EH?...OVER MY DEAD
BODY...I'LL..OWW!

YOU'LL TAKE YOUR
FILTHY HANDS
OFF ME, THAT'S
WHAT! I'M GOING
TO THE SHERIFF AND
TELL HIM WHAT I
KNOW!



HEAD HER OFF AND
BRING HER BACK...
PRONTO!

GOTCHA, BOSS! RUSTLIN'
DAMES IS A DARN
SIGHT MORE FUN THAN
RUSTLIN' COWS!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

BE SMART, MISS,
AND COME WITHOUT
MAKING NO TROUBLE!

- YOU'LL HAVE TO
CATCH ME FIRST!



NOT SO FAST, MISS 'YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH!
WE SAID YOU'RE
COMIN' WITH
US!

LET ME
GO, YOU
BRUTE!
L-LET ME
GO!



MAYBE **THIS'LL**
MAKE HER ACT
LIKE A LADY!



THAT NIGHT ALONG THE
YELLOW RUT CANYON ROAD

FUNNY I HAVEN'T MET MARILYN
LIVES COMING BACK ALONG THIS
ROAD! HOLD ON... WHAT'S THAT
GLEAMING IN THE DIRT?



MARILYN'S **SILVER CROSS!**
I RECALL SEEING IT AROUND
HER NECK! AND THE DIRT'S
ALL KICKED UP AROUND
HERE, AS THOUGH IN
STRUGGLE!



LET'S GO, MISSION! MISS
IVES IS SOMEWHERE IN
YELLOW RUT CANYON...
AND **NEEDING OUR HELP!**
-IF WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!



SO YOU DON'T
WANT TO BE THE
QUEEN OF EDEN?
YOU'RE GONNA REGRET
THAT DECISION,
MARILYN, AFTER
A COUPLE OF
KISSES!

**STAY AWAY
FROM ME!**

GO ON AN
KISS 'ER,
BUCK!
MAYBE, SHE'LL
LIKE IT!
HAW! HAW!



YIIII...SHE
BIT ME! I'M
BLEEDING!

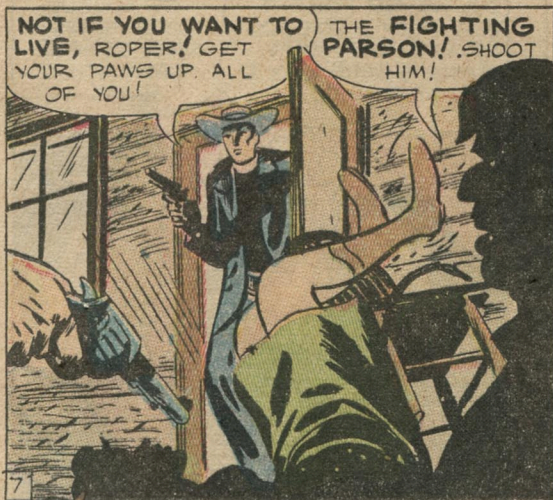
I WARNED YOU NOT
TO TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF ME!



MAYBE YOU'LL LIKE
THIS KIND OF KISSING
BETTER !!!

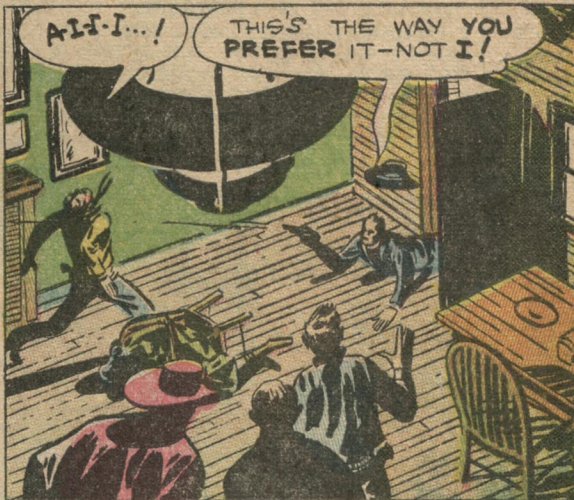
THAT'S THE STUFF, BOSS!
CLIP 'ER AGAIN!

OH HH!



NOT IF YOU WANT TO
LIVE, ROPER! GET
YOUR PAWS UP ALL
OF YOU!

THE **FIGHTING
PARSON!** SHOOT
HIM!



A-I-I...!

THIS'S THE WAY YOU
PREFER IT-NOT I!

I'LL GET WATKINS BEFORE HE WIPES OUT ALL OF US!

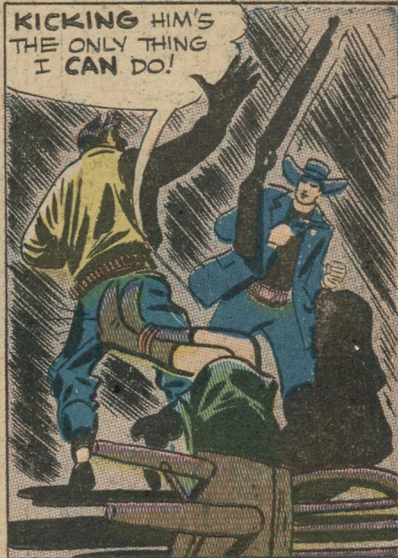


OKAY, PARSON! YOU'VE DONE YOUR LAST FIGHTING!

HE'S TRAPPED REVEREND WATKINS! I MUST DO SOMETHING!



KICKING HIM'S THE ONLY THING I CAN DO!



THE NEXT ONE'S TICKETED FOR YOUR BRAIN, ROPER, IF YOU AND YOUR STOOGES DON'T SURRENDER!

YEOW! SURRENDER, YOU FOOL! HE'S GOT THE DROP ON US! SURRENDER! WANNA GET US KILLED!



VERY GOOD! NOW, UNTIE MISS IVES... THEN, THE SHERIFF'LL TAKE OVER ENTERTAINING YOU!



THE NEXT DAY...

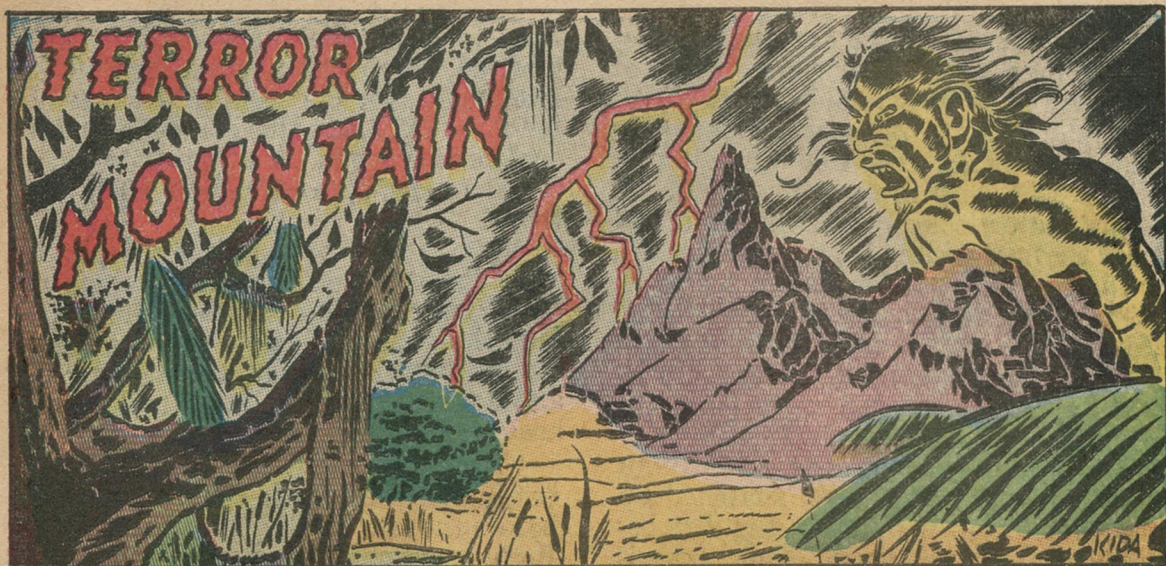
THIS LETTER IS A **FORGERY!** NEITHER CHEROKEE CHARLEY, NOR YOU, MR. IVES, KILLED SILAS GOFF! WE FOUND A LETTER FROM GOFF AT ROPER'S HANGOUT, INFORMING ROPER THAT GOFF KNEW OF HIS **RUSTLING**, AND WOULD REPORT IT! GETTING RID OF GOFF AND GETTING MISS IVES WERE ROPER'S MOTIVES FOR MURDER!...



I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW MUCH I OWE YOU, MR. WATKINS.-ISN'T THERE **SOME** WAY I CAN REPAY YOU?

OF COURSE, THERE IS, MISS IVES! LET ME MARRY YOU TO HANK...





The entire village knew that a big camp of white men had been pitched in a clearing near a dirt track that crossed the jungle. The head man of the village had sent down three tribesmen to investigate and they had not returned for a week. When they reported to him, they explained their long absence. With scores of other natives, the three scouts had helped clear a wide area.

Once the camp was in order, the place became an uproar of activity. The white men ran around shouting orders, pointing black machines which clicked and purred as natives crouched, ran, climbed, fought, threw spears, and cried. It was all somewhat insane to the headman, but to the little boy who listened on the roof of the palaver house, the story of the scouts seemed to be full of wonder. He hoped very hard that some of these visitors would come to HIS village. He would only be too glad to run and climb for the strangers!

A few days later, the headman's little son, Simu, got his wish. Two white men strolled into the village aiming little boxes. One of the scouts introduced the two white men to the headman. After a hearty handshake, one of the white men took several steps backward and aimed his little black box at the headman. The headman threw up his arms and screamed. The white men threw back their heads and laughed. One white man took a photograph out

of his pack and showed it to the scout, indicating various things on the photo with a wide grin. The scout in turn showed the paper to the headman, but the latter smashed the piece of paper to the ground without looking at it. The two white men stopped smiling, looked at each other in bewilderment, and finally one of them pulled a magazine out of his pack. The title of the magazine was "Things". It was full of pictures. The white man who had tried to photograph the headman offered the magazine to the chieftain. Again, the headman struck down the article. The magazine lay in the dust in front of the palaver house. The two white men exchanged glances. From his vantage point on top of the palaver house, little Simu had observed with saucer eyes the unpleasant incidents.

His father was very angry with the visitors, that was plain to see. Then Simu watched sadly as the white men made a gesture of inquiry at Terror Mountain. They seemed to ask: What was that mountain that rose 5,000 feet from the lush jungle? They were told that the mountain was an evil place and that white men were forbidden to go there. One of the white men pointed to his camera, while the other asked why they were not permitted to go to the mountain... was it a *sacred* mountain? Desiring to be rid of these guests whom he now heartily disliked, the chief nodded and shouted threats at the

two white men. All the explanation the white men could get were that no Burmese could be persuaded to go within a mile of Popa, the sacred mountain, and that much horror would befall any man who'd venture upon its slopes.

Instead of looking fearful, Simu noticed that the white men seemed pleased with this information. Simu watched them make deep bows of respect and take their leave. He could not read their lips, but he could read the sparkle in their eyes! These men were going to climb *Terror Mountain*!

When the men had gone, little Simu darted to the ground and snatched up the photograph that lay in the dirt before the palaver house. Simu experienced a shiver of delight to see the image of a leopard on the bit of paper. This was true magic! To make the great leopard so small and so harmless. Simu ran his finger over the brute's mouth and felt no pain! This was, indeed, a very remarkable magic. He felt ashamed that his father had turned away these wonderful white strangers with their magical boxes.

Meanwhile, the two white men made a wide detour of the headman's village and struck out for the sacred mountain.

Hours later the two were toiling up the boulder-strewn slope of the forbidden mountain.

"D-don't see anything-g so w-wonderful about it t-this far," panted the one called Bill.

It wasn't until they reached the top of the mountain that they noticed the earth was alive.

"Great Scott!" Bill exclaimed. The blood left his cheeks. "Look, Joey . . . SNAKES!"

The entire summit was crawling with snakes. Most of the writhing pack were king cobras, but among them Bill could spot plenty of Russell vipers and banded kraits. Bill's companion needed no invitation. In a minute, at least a dozen shots of the nightmare sight were recorded for "Things", the picture magazine. But their happiness was short-lived. Believing that the snakes lay *before* them, they were scared out of a year's growth by a whistling sound and the hard smack of a cobra's fangs on

the stone at their *heels*! Both men whirled, their hair standing up as much as a tropical close crop would allow. Not only was there a roadblock of snakes in front of them, but there were TWO road blocks of snakes *BEHIND* them!

An eternity of waiting seemed to have passed when they heard a piping little voice calling to them from behind the swamp of snakes. It was Simu, the headman's son. He was dancing up and down and gesticulating toward the heavens.

"The kid's goofy," muttered Bill between clenched teeth. "Let's chance it before the two batches of snakes meet!" Both men made ready to sprint. But Simu was going beserk telling them to keep back. He made such a rumpus that the snakes began to heave and break ranks. Both men recoiled as the snakes began to move in all directions. "He's finished us!" Bill screamed. "His darned yowling's finished us!" He felt like blasting the kid's head off with his .45 when a shock of coldness smote his head.

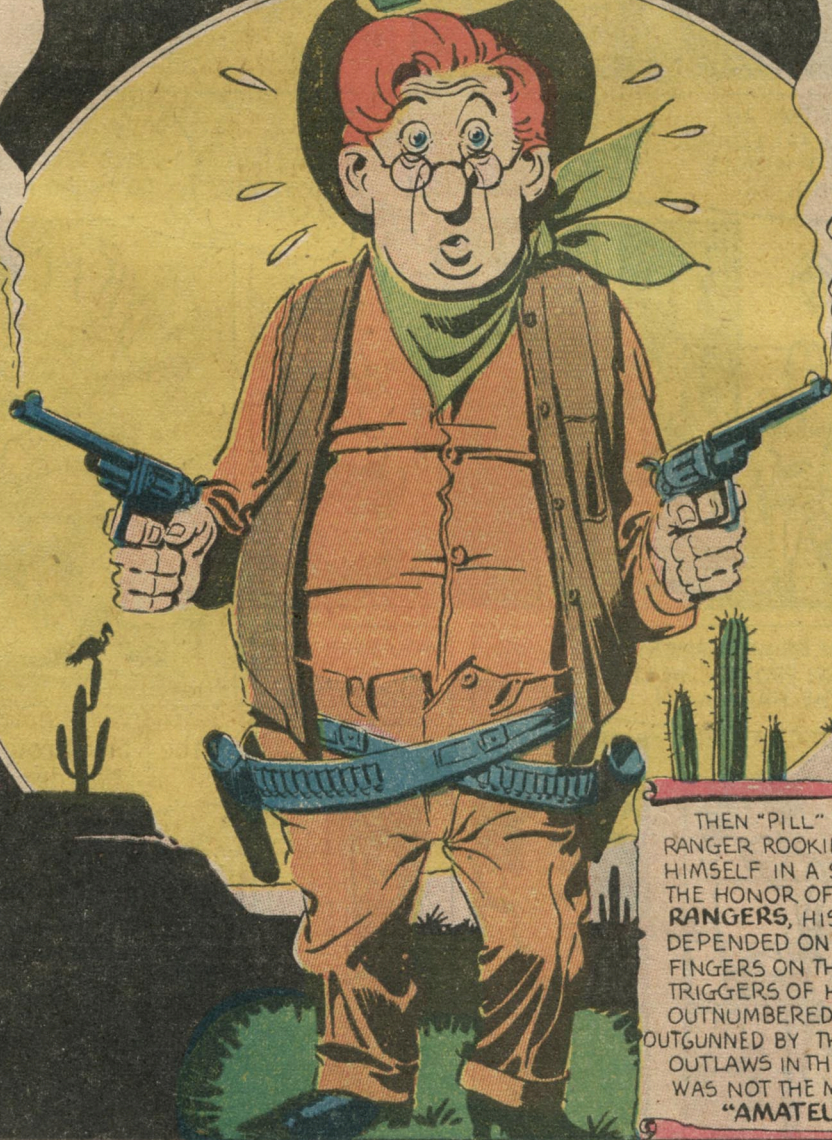
Sheets of Burmese rain slanted ruthlessly down upon the mountain soaking the men to the skin . . . all in a matter of seconds. Through the sudden, driving storm, Bill saw the kid jumping up and down with glee and pointing joyously at the heavens.

A miracle was taking place. As though the rain erased them, the slope became miraculously clear of snakes! They crawled into every hole, under every rock, into the very ground itself . . . as though by divine decree there were no more snakes!

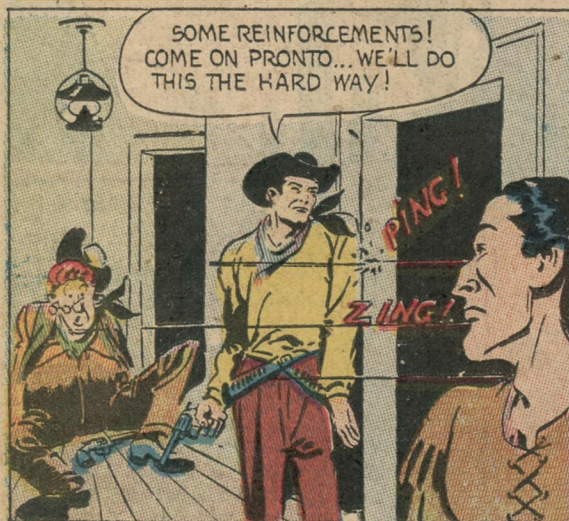
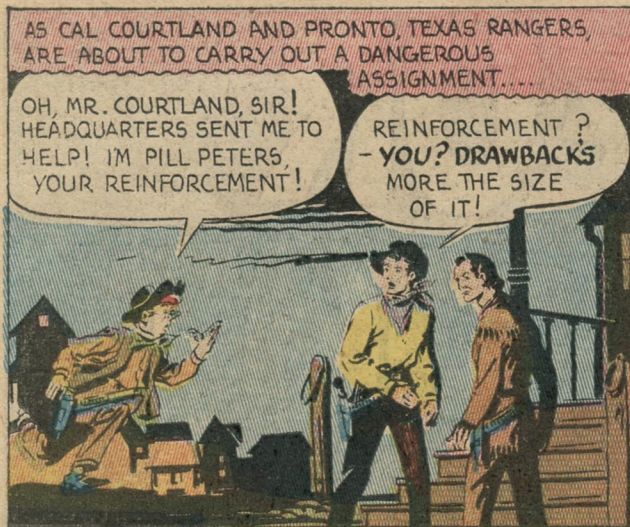
"*That's* what the kid meant when he pointed to the sky!" shouted Bill as they raced toward Simu. "He knew a rainstorm was coming and realized the snakes would get out of the rain

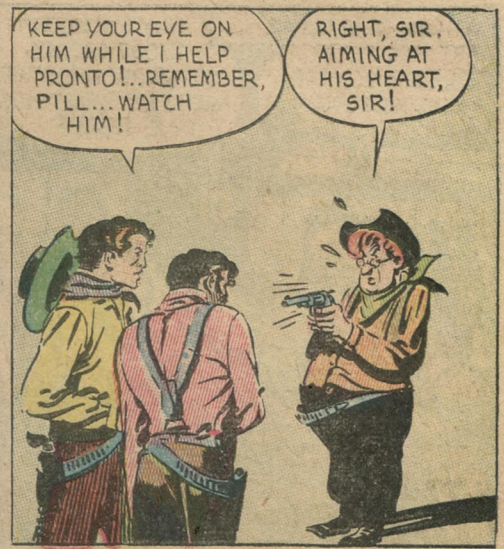
Before the white men left the vicinity, little Simu was given a big party and many presents. But the one he valued most, hung in the palaver house. It was an enormous enlargement of a full figure photograph of Simu. It was so big, Simu began to think of himself thereafter as a giant. And in a sense, Simu was not entirely wrong!

AMATEUR NIGHT



THEN "PILL" PETERS, TEXAS RANGER ROOKIE, FOUND HIMSELF IN A SPOT OF SPOTS! THE HONOR OF THE **TEXAS RANGERS**, HIS VERY LIFE, DEPENDED ON TWO TIMID FINGERS ON THE COLD STEEL TRIGGERS OF HIS SIX-SHOOTERS. OUTNUMBERED, OUTWEIGHED, OUTGUNNED BY THE TOUGHEST OUTLAWS IN THE WEST, THIS WAS NOT THE MOMENT FOR "AMATEUR NIGHT."







A HALF HOUR LATER....

THIS STEAK MAKE SWELLING DOWN!

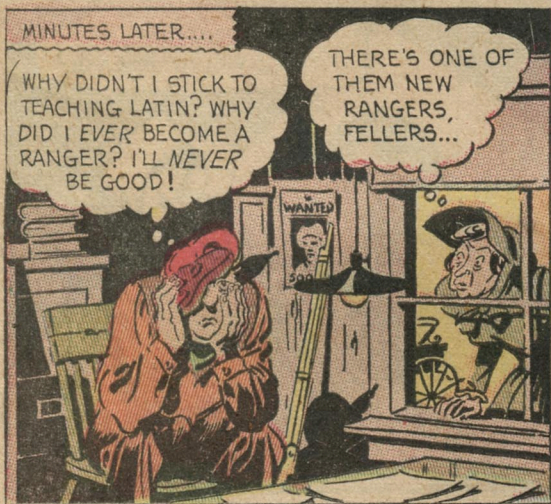
WHY SHOULDN'T THOSE CROOKS GET AWAY WHEN THEY SEND US SOMETHING LIKE *THAT*!



PILL, YOU STAY HERE. THE BOYS AND I HAVE MORE CHECKING UP TO DO... YOU'LL COME WHEN YOU LEARN OUR METHODS A LITTLE BETTER!

WHICH'LL BE **NEVER!**... HMPPPHHH!

YESSIR, ANYTHING YOU SAY, SIR.



MINUTES LATER....

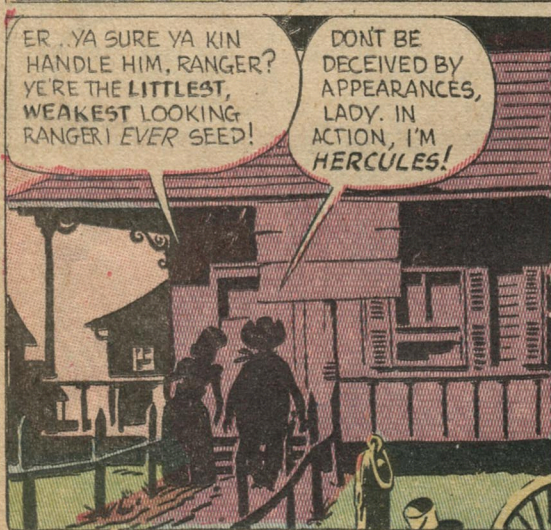
WHY DIDN'T I STICK TO TEACHING LATIN? WHY DID I EVER BECOME A RANGER? I'LL NEVER BE GOOD!

THERE'S ONE OF THEM NEW RANGERS, FELLERS...



RANGER!..THERE'S A MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS FELLER COME TA BOARD WITH ME...

THE DUTY OF A RANGER IS TO PROTECT THE COMMUNITY.... AH! LEAD ON GOOD WOMAN!



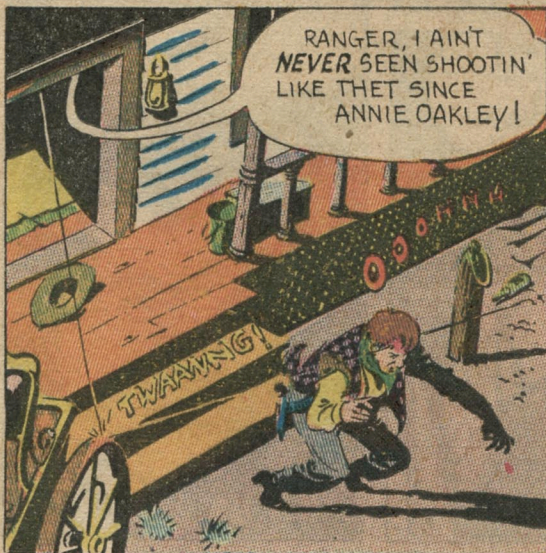
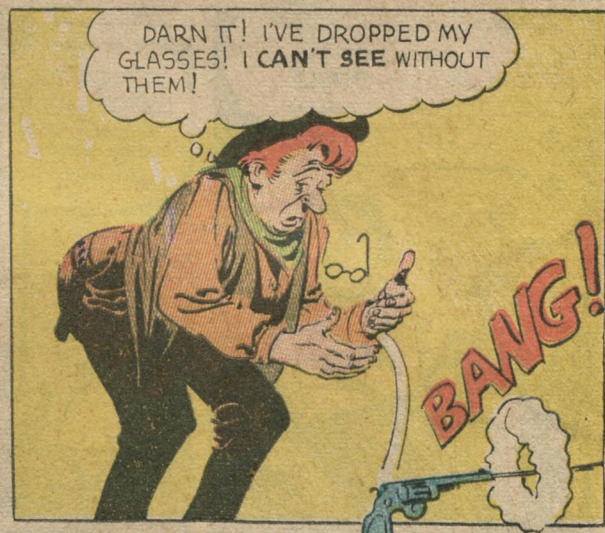
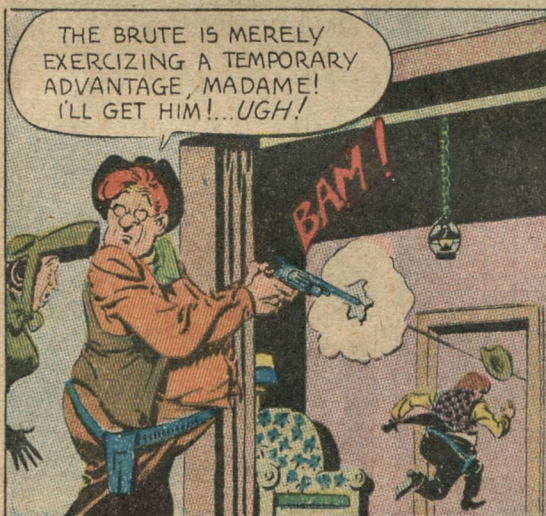
ER...YA SURE YA KIN HANDLE HIM, RANGER? YE'RE THE **LITTEST, WEAKEST** LOOKING RANGER I EVER SEED!

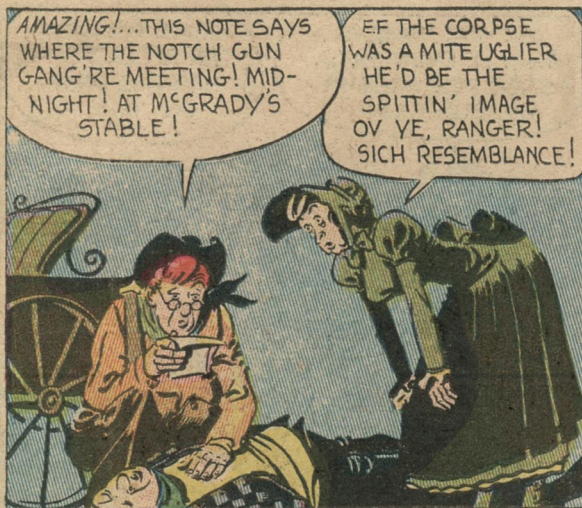
DON'T BE DECEIVED BY APPEARANCES, LADY. IN ACTION, I'M **HERCULES!**

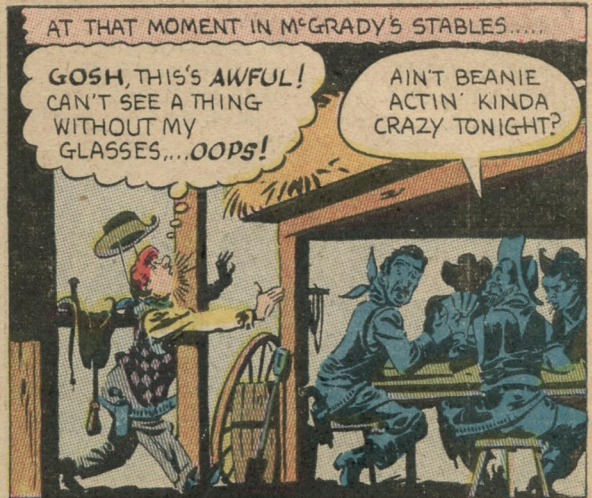


THET'S HIM! LOOK AT HIS SHOOTIN' IRONS...NOTCHED! ALL OF 'EM...LIKE THEM'S OF THE NOTCH GUN GANG!

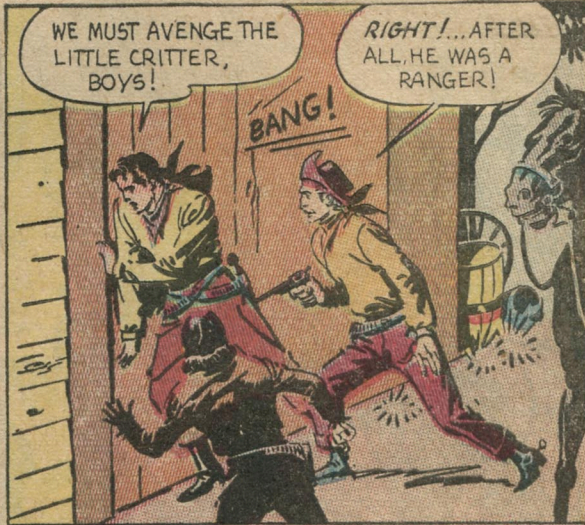
HANDS UP, STRANGER! THERE'S A TEXAS RANGER ON THE TRIGGER END OF THIS HORSE-PISTOL!







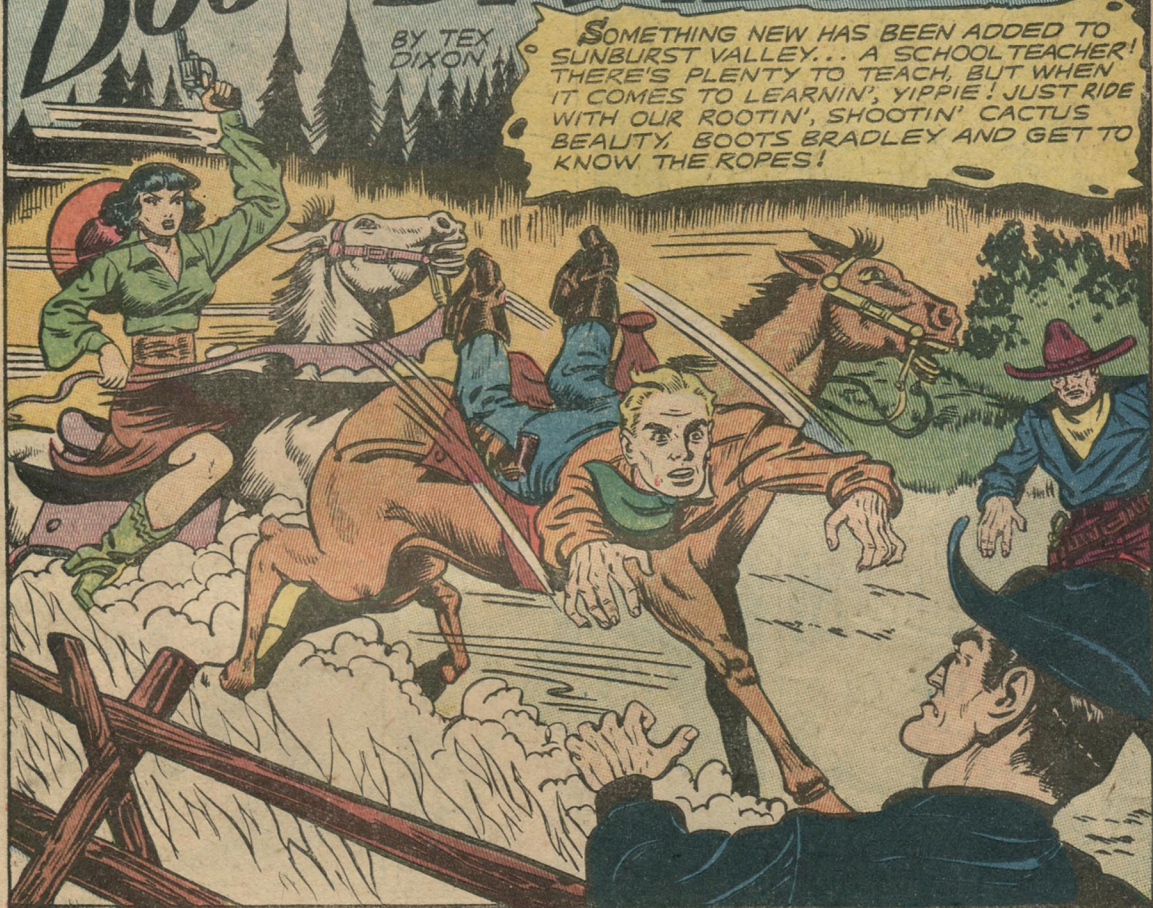




Boots BRADLEY

BY TEX DIXON

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED TO SUNBURST VALLEY... A SCHOOL TEACHER! THERE'S PLENTY TO TEACH, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO LEARNIN', YIPPIE! JUST RIDE WITH OUR ROOTIN', SHOOTIN' CACTUS BEAUTY, BOOTS BRADLEY AND GET TO KNOW THE ROPES!



WAAL, BOOTS... GUESS I'M NOT LONG FER THIS WORLD NOW. WENT TO TOWN TO TAKE A GLIMMER AT THE NEW SCHOOL TEACHER AN' NOW I'VE SEEN EVERY-THING!

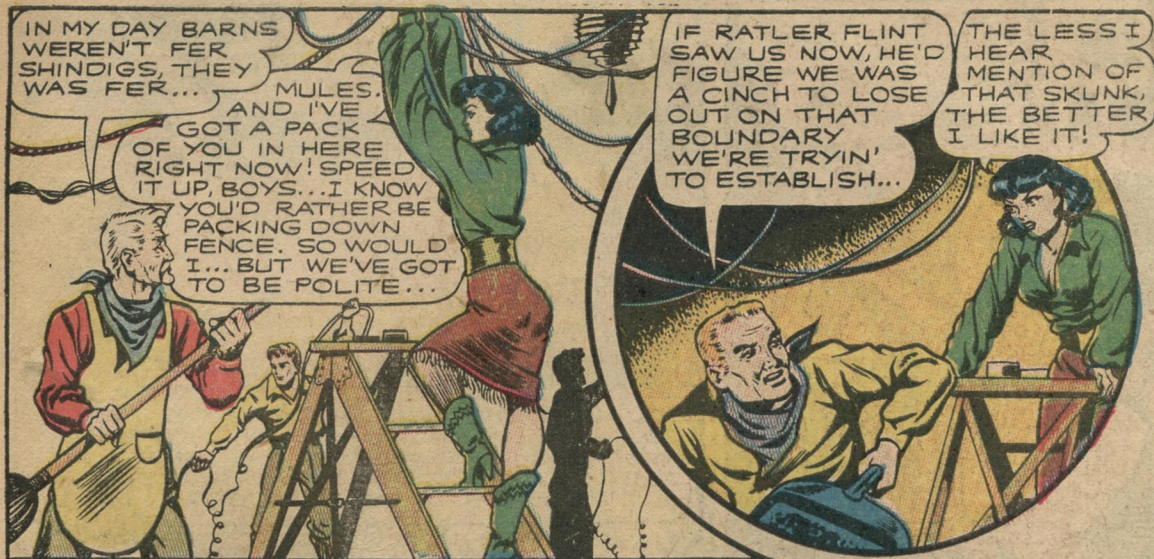
WHAT'D YOU SEE, KANSAS?

SAW THE SCHOOL TEACHER... WHATCHA EXPECT?

CUSS! AS THE ONLY WOMAN RANCH OWNER IN SUNBURST VALLEY, THAT MEANS I'LL BE OBLIGED TO ENTER-TAIN... THAT'LL PUT OFF WORK ON THE NORTH FENCE, AND UNTIL THAT BOUNDARY IS ESTABLISHED, RATTLER FLINT WILL CONTINUE TO GRAZE HIS CATTLE IN OUR LAND... CUSS! WISH I WAS A MAN, KANSAS...

YE WOULDN'T MAKE A LIKELY LOOKIN' ONE, BOOTS...

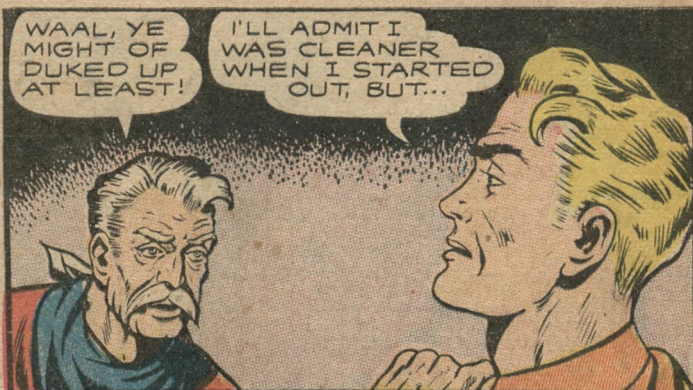






YOU...
YOU
ARE...

YES, MAM... I'M THE
TEACHER... SORRY
I'M SO LATE...
ESPECIALLY
BECAUSE MEANT
NOT MEETING YOU
SOONER, MISS
BRADLEY.



WAAL, YE
MIGHT OF
DUKED UP
AT LEAST!

I'LL ADMIT I
WAS CLEANER
WHEN I STARTED
OUT, BUT...

I'M AFRAID I TOOK THE WRONG
ROAD AND CAME IN BY THE
NORTH SIDE. YOUR MEN DIDN'T
KNOW ME AND I HAD TO... ER...
PERSUADE THEM TO
LET ME PASS...

MY
MEN?



LET'S GO,
BOYS!

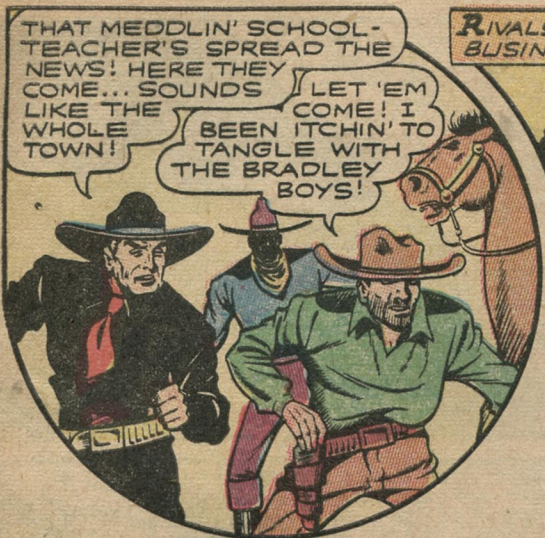
YOU KNOW THE BOYS WORKING THE FENCE...
COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY WERE
WASHING IT DOWN WITH GASOLINE... BUT
THEN I'M A SCHOOL TEACHER. I
SUPPOSE, NOT A COWPUNCHER...

GASOLINE! THAT'S
RATLER FLINT'S WORK!
THEY AIM ON SETTING
MY FENCE ON FIRE!



LOOK AHEAD! THEY'RE
LIGHTING TORCHES!

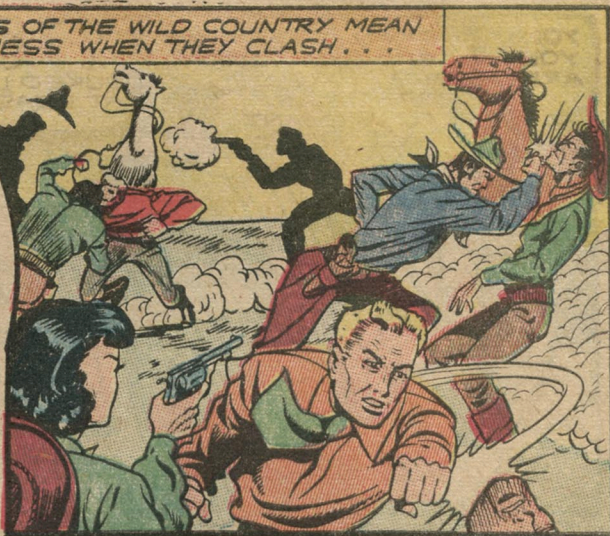
RIDE,
COWBOY,
RIDE!



THAT MEDDLIN' SCHOOL-TEACHER'S SPREAD THE NEWS! HERE THEY COME... SOUNDS LIKE THE WHOLE TOWN!

LET 'EM COME! I BEEN ITCHIN' TO TANGLE WITH THE BRADLEY BOYS!

RIVALS OF THE WILD COUNTRY MEAN BUSINESS WHEN THEY CLASH...



BUT WHEN A MAN LIKE RATLER IS OUTNUMBERED, THAT'S A DIFFERENT STORY...



LET'S HIT THE DUST, BOYS! WE'LL FINISH THIS DEAL LATER... ESPECIALLY WITH THAT SNEAKY SCHOOL-TEACHER!

SOON THE SCENE OF BATTLE TURNS INTO A POINT OF INVESTIGATION AND THANKS-GIVING...



BLAST 'EM! BUT WE SAVED THE FENCE...

THANKS, STRANGER. YOU DID ME A BIG FAVOR...

WILSON'S THE NAME, MISS BOOTS... SORRY THE EVENING TURNED OUT LIKE THIS... YOU PLANNED SUCH A SWELL PARTY...

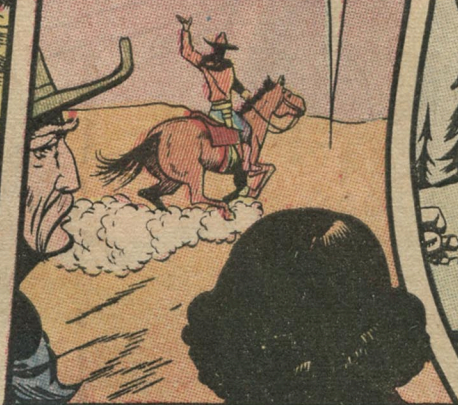
WE'LL TRY AGAIN NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT. BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO RIDE WITH MY MEN AND SETTLE THE CATTLE DOWN...

I HOPE TO BE SEEING MORE OF YOU, MISS BOOTS...



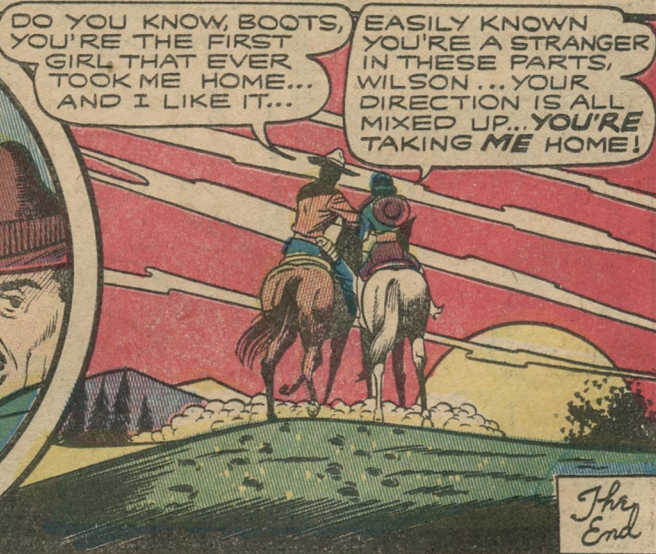
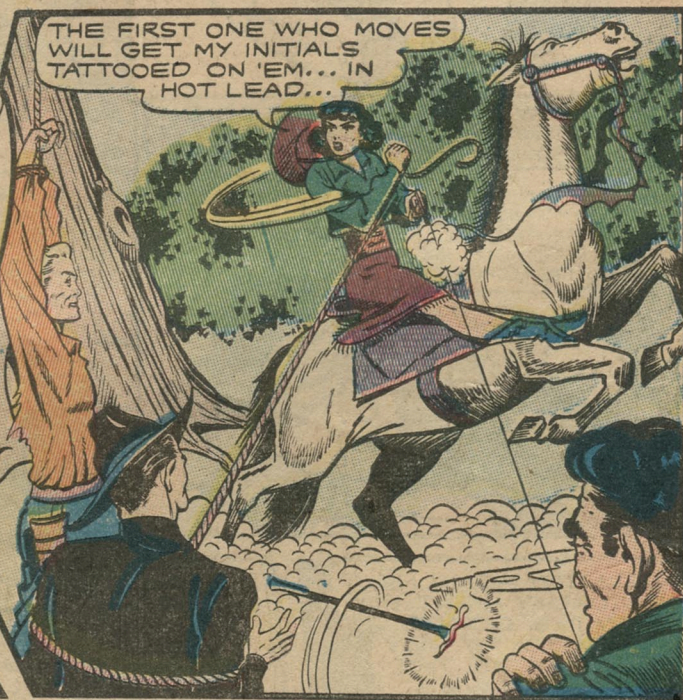
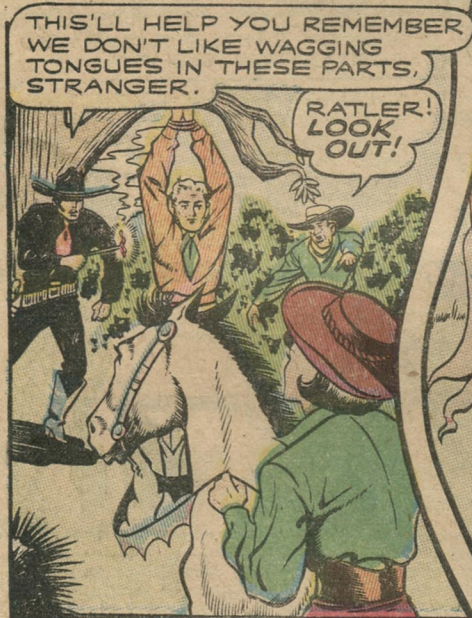
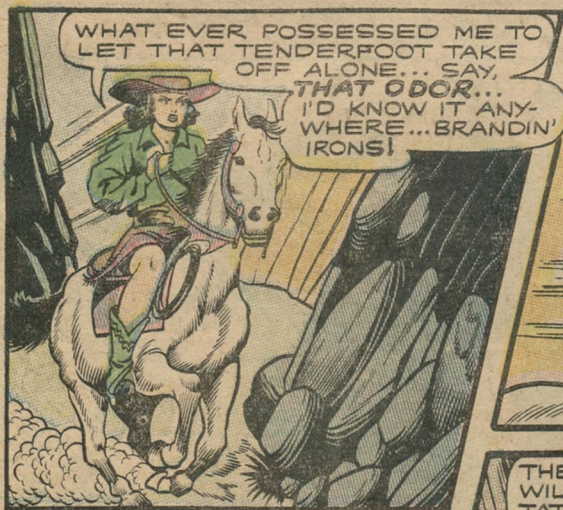
NICE BOY... BUT HE'S MADE A BAD ENEMY IN RATLER FLINT.

MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE ESCORTED HIM... THAT RATLER WON'T STOP AT ANYTHING IF HE'S GOT A GRIPE...



WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME STANDIN' AROUND LIKE THIS? WILSON'S IN DANGER, I FEEL IT... I'M GOING TO CATCH UP WITH HIM... YOU AND THE BOYS GET THE SHERIFF, KANSAS... WE'LL SEE THAT RATLER IS PICKED UP ONCE AND FOR ALL!





The End

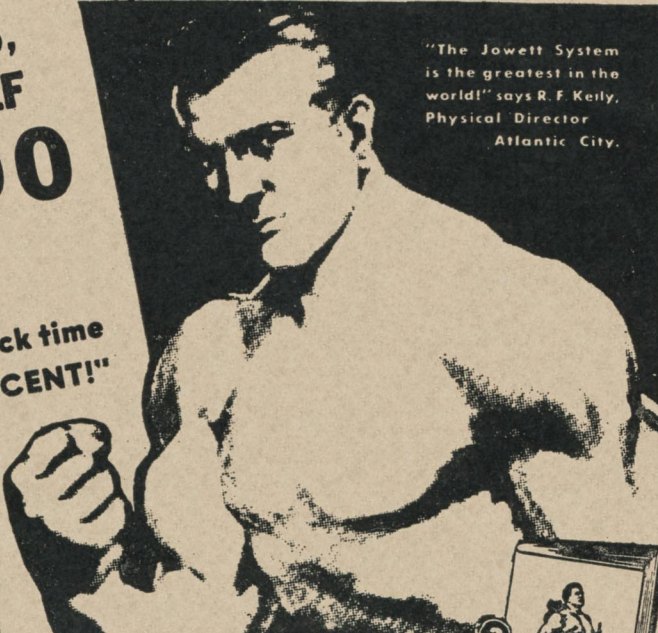
WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

"Let me show **YOU** too,
HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF
COMMANDO-TOUGH

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says **George F. Jowett**
whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.



Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.**

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Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

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BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW in **BOOK FORM**
ONLY 25c EACH
or **ALL 5 for \$1**

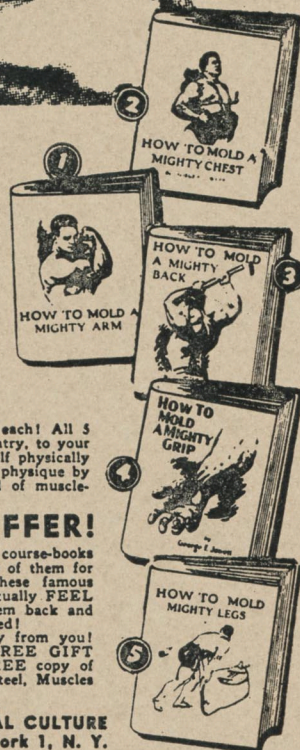
At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

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|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 courses for.....\$1 | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding Mighty Legs 25c |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Back 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Chest 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D. | |

NAME.....Age.....
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4 BIG VALUES in ONE

All for only
\$1.98

- ★ This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case
- ★ Handy, Built-In Coin Holder For Your Loose Change
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- ★ 3-Color Identification Plate

Beautifully Engraved with
Your Name, Address and
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YOU GET THIS!
Smart looking, beautifully
styled leather Billfold with
Pass Case to hold mem-
bership and credit cards. Pat-
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Here's The BUILT-IN COIN HOLDER

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This Smart **LEATHER BILLFOLD**
Comes to You Complete with

- ★ Large Built-In **COIN HOLDER**
- ★ A Self-Contained **PASS CASE**
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- ★ An Engraved **IDENTIFICATION PLATE**

Your Permanent
Engraved Identification
and Social Security Tag

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PASS
LEAVES

**YOUR FULL NAME, Address, City
and State is BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED
on the 3-Color Social Security Plate!!**

**DeLuxe
VALUE**

**Smart
STYLING**

YOU GET THIS!
Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key-
Holder with Flexible Gilt
Chain in addition to the
handy Coin Holder which is
securely fastened to the
Billfold as pictured above.



YOU GET THIS!
A beautiful 3-color Emer-
gency Identification Plate
which carries your full name,
address and Social Security
Number. A perfect identi-
fication record for you



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MY FULL NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (total \$2.37). ☐ Social Security No. _____ Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

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